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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

He stemmed the stormy Northern seas; he fought the frozen foe,
Where Arctic winds were wailing wild o'er dreary waste of snow.
High on the ice King's citadel his banners were unfurled;
His courage and his daring won the plaudits of the world.

And when the God of Battles flashed the lightning from on high,
And War's reverberations rolled across the solemn sky,
Both Fate and Fortune then agreed they must preserve his name,
And for safe-keeping handed it unto immortal Fame.

His was the hand that Fate decreed should crush his country's foe;
The Voice of History will tell how well he dealt that blow.
First in the fearful forefront, where the blackest war clouds rolled,
He triumphed in the tropics as he conquered in the cold.

The world lays laurels on his brow, and strangers sing his praise;
The land he loves will honor him through all the coming days;
And Maryland, his native State, proud of his victories won,
Now whispers to him lovingly, "Well done, my sailor son!"
—George V. Hobart.

A "PROMISED LAND" EAST-ER.

BY FRANCIS CRANE ARNOLD.

Three miles of almost level sod, a tiny cabin here and there, trees along a watercourse, twenty teams drawing as many shining plows—a slender, dark-haired girl, watched the toilers from the vantage ground of a little knoll.

"Seems a pity to spoil the sod, jest gettin' green and looking smooth, don't it?"

Her companions, a half dozen children from the settlers' cabins, looked up in wonder.

"Why, we must plant things," spoke one, and the leader turned to her laughing.

"Of course you must—I was only thinking how pretty the sod is, just getting green, you know. Ruth could not conscientiously say that she had been joking, for still she was regretful that the beauty of the plain should be marred.

Spring had come early in Oklahoma, and the settlers, who a few months ago had flocked into the newly opened "promised land" to find a "claim" and a home, were eager to prepare the soil for a crop.

"Do you know it is almost Easter?" asked Ruth of her little followers.

"What is Easter?" asked one of the younger children.

"It's when we have flowers, and songs, and—the resurrection, you know," was the pitying answer.

"We must have something like it at the schoolhouse."

"But we can't use it."

A cloud of deeper sadness passed over Ruth's face. She had forgotten the quarrel of the neighborhood over the schoolhouse. It was a plain, unpretentious sod-walled structure. The roof was of boards, the floor of earth. Yet over its possession the bitterest antagonism had been aroused.

Mr. March—she could see him now driving his thin, tired gray team—wanted the structure built on the west side of the little creek. Ruth's father, Colonel France, insisted upon the east side. Each man had his followers, and when Mr. March won and the schoolhouse was erected, the neighborhood was arrayed against itself. There had been angry words and even blows—no one knew better than the blustering colonel's lame daughter how unrelenting was the antagonism. Ruth had not visited the west side families since the trouble commenced and scarcely knew where many of them lived.

"I know where there's flowers," put in little Grace, the storekeeper's daughter. "Down the creek a ways, then up a ravine the biggest white ones grow."

"We must have some," declared Ruth. "And we must have Easter, too. Maybe nobody will complain."

She strolled homeward with the little party, limping painfully over the sod. Somehow Ruth did not like to talk to her father about the proposed little gathering in the schoolhouse.

"You see," she said to her mother, "he might object. You know we have never been there even to Sunday school since—the trouble. But really it would be a good time to begin."

"Yes," responded the tired mother. She did not take much interest in the neighborhood troubles and vexations. She felt that she had enough of her own.

So Ruth went on with her preparations. She called her little friends together and told them the story of the great Easter glory and made their faces shine with gladness as she related the wonder of the day's celebration in the eastern city that had once been her home.

"What was the singin' like?" asked one little urchin.

"Like heaven—it was so sweet, and the lilies were taller than you or I. We can't have all of that here but we will do our best."

She taught them songs and hymns, and drilled them in a few responses that she had herself learned in the olden times "back east," where, to the prairie settler, all that is lovely and of good repute seems to have happened.

"Come on Saturday afternoon," she told them when the last meeting had been held; "and we will go after the flowers that Grace has described. Down the creek, did you say?"

"Yes, an' up a ravine. I know where—they're under a big bank where it's warm an' sunny."

"Then we'll find them."

A merry company it was that set out on that bright afternoon. The glorious spring sunshine made it like summer, and the outfields were already showing the shoots of the new crops.

"Now which way?" asked the lame girl when they had reached the stream.

"Up this road," said Grace, and they followed her.

The little traveled highway led alongside the slow-flowing stream, and curved here and there to avoid the bluffs of upland that bordered the creek. The party had gone perhaps half a mile, when Ruth asked again:

"Grace, do you know the way?"

"This is right," the child insisted.

"It ain't far now; just around—"

She hesitated. A low moaning came from somewhere. Again it was repeated and then a woman's voice was heard, attempting evidently to soothe a weeping child.

"There, there, don't cry," they could distinguish and then came the sobs and childish wail louder than ever.

"What can it be?" spoke Ruth, halting, while her charges gathered close around her skirts.

"It's ahead of us," replied Grace and they pushed on, rounding the point of a tiny headland and coming upon the long straight road that lay beyond.

"Just look!" exclaimed one of the boys—"a prairie schooner!"

It was indeed. With great white canvas top, bulging in the wind, drawn by two thin and spiritless horses, the vehicle stood in the sandy road, as if it were a ship at anchor. The sides were drawn close and calico curtains covered the front except for a small space over the driver's seat which was evidently to serve as a window.

Who was inside and what was the trouble?

Ruth hesitated no longer but hurried toward the wagon and with the aid of the larger boys clambered to the driver's seat.

Then to the inmates' eyes was revealed what seemed a miracle. Without warning, for her approach had been unnoticed, the sweet, spiritual face of Ruth appeared at the opening.

What Ruth saw was this: A woman in cheap soiled dress sat on some quilts and straw in the bottom of the wagon box. A boy was farther back on an old chair. In the woman's arms was a baby, sobbing and fretting as only a sick child can.

"What's the matter?" asked Ruth gently.

"Oh, everything's the matter," replied the weary and discouraged mother, tears coming to her eyes at the sound of her visitor's sympathetic voice. "I'm all alone an' the baby is sick—isn't that enough?"

Ruth tore away the curtain, and entered the covered portion of the wagon.

"Let me take the baby," she urged, and the tiny sufferer was laid in her arms.

"Now tell me."

The woman needed no further encouragement and poured out her tale of disappointments freely.

It was the old one—so familiar to people at the west; a widow leaving her desolate home to find relatives, taking her two children and all her possessions with her in the wagon; a long, tiresome ride, cold nights, rains and danger; then, at last, sickness and discouragement.

Ruth listened to it all, her own eyes as moist as those of the speaker.

"Yes, it's hard," she commented, "but we will help you all we can."

Then she went outside to confer with her little friends.

They were not to be seen!

Surprised that she should be deserted and half-afraid at being alone with the strange woman, so far from home, she could not for a moment determine what was best to do.

Then she went to the turn in the road and strained her eyes along the dusty path. No, the children were gone.

Slowly she returned to the wagon and was about to mount the seat again when something among the dead sunflower stalks in the direction of the river attracted her attention.

A closer look—yes, it was the little ones. Joyfully she called to them and as quickly they responded, soon coming trooping out of the lowlands to her side.

And what was in their arms!

Lilies! Great, glorious, pure, white lilies—not the stately ones of conservatories, but rich-petaled, wild flowers that had in some strange way taken root in the Indian lands and filled all the moist bend of the stream. Grace had not been mistaken and Ruth fairly laughed with delight when she saw the delicious burden which each member of the party carried.

Then she told the children of the wagon and its occupants. "I'm going to take them home," she finished. "We can keep them a day or two anyway and it would be cruel to leave them to spend Easter in this place."

So she climbed to the seat, took up the reins and started the weary horses which seemed to have been taking a nap. The flowers were heaped into the rear of the wagon and the children followed behind. It was a queer little procession even for the frontier and the strangely appointed driver half realized the oddity of the picture they all presented.

Suddenly a thought came to her. "Whoa!" she called, and the horses, delighted at the chance, halted.

"Say," she asked, turning to the woman holding the new sleeping babe, "where are you going?"

"To my sisters—they live somewhere in this part of the Territory—about twenty miles farther, I've figured it out."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. March—Mrs. Martha March."

"March? What is her husband's?"

"Bert, they called him. Albert is his name."

"I guessed it," almost shouted Ruth, "as soon as you said the name. It is not twenty miles, nor ten miles. They live just a little ways from here."

"Is that true?" insisted the woman, eagerly.

"Why what a mess I'd have made. I didn't intend to ask about them until day after tomorrow; then I'd been 'way past, wouldn't I?" On went the procession, and as it advanced Ruth was carrying on a very earnest argument with herself.

Should she brave her father's displeasure and take the woman straight to the March cabin, or get out and let the travelers make their way as best they could? The baby was getting some needed sleep now and the afternoon was speeding rapidly.

"I'll do it," she broke out, and turned the horse to the right decisively.

The March cabin was not far away. She remembered it now as she came nearer the humble dwelling. More glad than ever at her decision was the youthful driver when on alighting she found the family all absent.

"Never" mind, we will take care of you," she exclaimed. She received the sleeping baby in her arms and the mother alighted.

Then she following and the boy with the aid of some of the older ones in the party behind succeeded in dragging the harness from the horses, that the animals might graze on the succulent prairie grass.

Ruth was in her favorite sphere of manager and caretaker. The baby was put to bed, the mother was given a lunch, and, too, fell asleep on the bed. Then the cabin whose doors were never locked and whose belongings were evidently seldom dusted or cared for, was put to rights and Ruth sat down in a broken rocking chair, herself fatigued.

Footsteps came pattering to the door and Grace burst in.

"Oh, Miss Ruth, he's comin'!"

"Who," inquired the lame girl, rising, Mr. March?"

"No, your father."

Then Ruth sank in the chair, a little faint. She knew why he came. He had discovered that she had gone for flowers and why. He evidently feared that she had also gone to the schoolhouse to decorate it for the morrow and had followed her.

She looked from the window and saw Colonel France cantering toward the cabin on his big white horse. But from the opposite direction something else which added to her perplexity—Mr. March and his wife were at the rude stable where the farmer had left his wagon and now walking to the house, discussing the meaning of the prairie schooner as they came.

They entered a low kitchen built on the rear of the cabin, then opened the door of the main living room where was also the bed. As they did so Colonel France, having questioned the children outside, strode into the room from the front and the two old enemies were face to face.

Both stood still, each unwilling to speak and each wondering at the picture before them.

Ruth had hastily stepped to the bed and instinctively feeling that it would be a protection, had lifted the baby in her arms and stood with it cradled there, a finger on her lips to enjoin quiet.

Mrs. March was the first to break the silence. She stepped forward and asked eagerly: "Why, child, what are you doing?"

Ruth did not need to answer. The thin-faced woman on the bed had been aroused at the words and rose to a sitting posture. Mrs. March gazed at her in astonishment an instant, then the sisters were clasped in each other's arms. All that the onlookers heard them say was:

"Marthy!"

"Anna!"

Colonel France could stand it no longer. In a tone which he meant to be stern, but which instead was only husky, he demanded:

"Ruth, what are you doing here?"

Quietly the girl told her story and the little audience of children which had gathered at the door confirmed her report.

"And I thought," she went on, "that maybe you would allow us to use the schoolhouse for Easter," speaking to Mr. March.

"Use it? Bless you, child, you can have it. Do you suppose I want to keep anybody out of the building. I'm inclined to think it is not used enough now—not as much as if it were on the other side of the creek where it would be handier." He glanced at Colonel France.

The Colonel did not reply at once. Then he broke out in a voice from which even the huskiness was gone, while a suspicion of a smile lurked in the corners of his mouth:

"Well, Mr. March, I used to think that way myself, but the way this side is settling up I don't know but it is best where it is. Supposing we shake hands over it and call the old matter quits?"

Mr. March stepped forward and the two men were friends again.

"Come Ruth, we must go," said her father at last. But Ruth was not there. Laying the baby on the bed she had hurried out to her young friends and gathering all the flowers again in their arms they had

set off across the prairie towards the schoolhouse, only a few dozen rods away. There Mr. March and Colonel France found them. The former had brought his wagon and when the flowers had been placed he took the children home. But they were all back again the next day—Easter.

The Easter sun was brighter, the blue skies clearer, the wide reaching plains greener, and the prairie air purer than ever it had been before. At least so it seemed to the congregation of settlers from both sides of the district that gathered in the humble schoolhouse. The lilies had transformed the place with their beauty and were the admiration of all.

Colonel France himself read the lines Ruth had prepared, and Mr. March joined in the sweet responses with the children. They laughed and sang, and sang again, and the hearts of young and old were filled as they had never been filled before with the love that is a part of the true devotions of that holy time.

"It was a beautiful Easter," confided her mother on returning home, "better than they have back East."

She could think of no higher praise.

THE GORGON'S HEAD.

Danae was the daughter of a king, and Perseus was her little son. Some wicked people put him and his mother into a chest, and threw it into the sea. The wind blew the chest about on the waves. Danae held her little son tightly in her arms. She was afraid he would be drowned. But the chest sailed on till night. Then it was entangled in a fisherman's net, and the fisherman drew it to the land. The island was called Seriphus, and king Polydectes ruled over it. The fisherman was very kind, and he was good to Danae and her little boy. He was always a friend to them. Perseus grew up to be a handsome young man. He was very strong and active.

King Polydectes hated Danae and her son Perseus, and wanted them both to die. He thought a long time for some dangerous errand on which to send Perseus. At last he thought of something, and called Perseus. Perseus came to the palace. King Polydectes was sitting on the throne.

"I want you to do something for me, to repay the kindness that I have shown to you," said King Polydectes.

"I am willing to do anything for you," answered Perseus.

The king smiled cunningly and said, "You are a brave young man, Perseus, and I am sure that you would like an adventure. I am engaged to the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and want to make her an elegant present. I think I know what she would like. It is the head of the Gorgon Medusa with the snaky hair. I want you to go and cut off the Gorgon's head, and bring it to me."

"I will start to-morrow morning," answered Perseus.

"Please do so," rejoined the king. "And be careful not to injure the appearance of the head."

Perseus left the palace, and then Polydectes laughed loudly. He was greatly amused. He was pleased to think that Perseus would be killed. The people in the island heard that Perseus was going to kill Medusa. The people were all wicked, and hated Danae and Perseus. They were glad that he was likely to be killed.

There were three Gorgons alive. They were terrible monsters. They were hideous. Instead of hair, each one had a hundred enormous snakes growing on her head. The snakes were all alive, and twisted and wriggled. Their teeth were long tusks, and their hands were brass claws. Their bodies were covered with scales as hard as iron. They had beautiful wings made of splendid golden feathers. The feathers were dazzling in the sunshine.

Whoever looked at the Gorgons was turned into stone.

Perseus thought of the dreadful Gorgons and was sad. He was sure that he would be turned into stone. He did not tell his mother about it. He took his shield and girded on his sword. Then he crossed over from

Seriphus to the mainland, and sat down there. There were tears in his eyes.

"Perseus," said a voice, "why are you sad?"

Perseus looked up and saw a young man standing beside him. He wore a cloak and winged cap, and held a twisted staff. A short and crooked sword hung by his side. He had a bright and cheerful face. Perseus felt ashamed because the stranger saw him crying. He stood up, wiped his eyes and said, "I am not sad, but only thoughtful."

"Tell me your trouble," said the stranger, "and perhaps I can help you. My name is Mercury."

Perseus trusted Mercury and told him how King Polydectes wanted him to cut off the head of the dreadful Gorgon Medusa. He confessed that he was afraid of being turned into stone.

"My sister and I can help you a great deal," said Mercury.

"Who is your sister?" asked Perseus.

"My sister is very wise," said Mercury. "Now you must polish your shield till you can see your face in it as in a mirror."

So Perseus rubbed and polished his shield till it shone. Mercury was pleased. He took his short and crooked sword and girded it about Perseus.

"This is a very good sword," he said. "It can cut iron and brass easily. Now we must go to see the Three Gray Women."

So they set out to visit the Three Gray Women.

Mercury went so fast that Perseus could hardly follow him, and was out of breath. Then Mercury gave him his twisted staff to help him. The staff was alive, and gave Perseus new strength. He was not tired any longer.

"Shall we meet your sister soon?" inquired Perseus.

"Presently," answered Mercury. "My sister is very grave. She seldom smiles and never laughs. She says very profound things."

It was dusk now. They were in a desert place.

There were many bushes around. Perseus felt discouraged and asked Mercury where the Three Gray Women were.

"They are here. Look!"

Perseus looked and saw the Three Gray Women.

They were sisters, and had only one eye. Each one had an empty socket in her forehead. First one sister used the eye, then the second, and lastly the third, so that they all saw by turns. The eye was as bright as a diamond, and large and brilliant. The Three Gray Women had long gray hair.

Perseus and Mercury hid behind a bush and watched them. Presently the Three Gray Women began to quarrel. They all wanted to use the eye. The middle sister took it out of her socket and held it in her hand, and said, "Now either of you may take it."

The other sisters felt for the eye, but Perseus sprang forward and took it. The sisters did not know who had it, and Perseus told them.

"O, give us back our eye," said the Gray Women, who were frightened. "We are all in the dark! What shall we do? You have two eyes of your own. Give us our eyes!"

"I will give you your eye," said Perseus, "when you tell me where I can find the Nymphs who have the slippers, magic wallet, and the helmet of invisibility."

The Three Gray Women did not want to tell him, but at last they did. Perseus gave them his eye back to them and he and Mercury went to the Nymphs. They gave Perseus a small deerskin wallet, a pair of winged slippers, and a helmet with dark plumes.

Perseus put on the winged slippers and the helmet. Then the Nymphs and Mercury could not see him, for he was invisible. Then Mercury spread the wings of his cap, and flew up in the air, and Perseus flew up after him. They flew during the night over cities and seas and mountains, and went more swiftly than an eagle. Perseus felt something brushing against him, but he could not see anything.

"Who is there?" he said.

"It is my sister," said Mercury,

"She is invisible, and will tell you what to do."

They flew over the ocean, and saw an island beneath them. The Gorgons were all asleep on the island. Their faces were turned away, so that Perseus could see them without being turned to stone. The snakes on their heads were asleep, too. Their golden wings dropped on the sand. Their scales glistened in the moonlight. Two of the Gorgons could not be killed, but Medusa could be. Medusa was dreaming and restless. She turned over, and Perseus looked away quickly. He did not want to be turned to stone.

"You must hold your shield so that it will catch Medusa's reflection," said Mercury's sister. "Then look into the shield and fly down to Medusa, cut off her head and put it into the wallet."

So Perseus looked into his shield while he flew down. Just then Medusa awoke, but it was too late. Perseus cut off her head. The snakes on it hissed loudly. Perseus put the head into the magic wallet. Then he flew up into the air again, and Mercury and his sister flew with him.

The other two Gorgons woke up, and saw their dead sister. They were very angry and wanted revenge. They flew and looked for Perseus, but they could not see him because he was invisible. They made a dreadful noise.

Perseus flew home and found that Polydectes had been very cruel to his mother. She had fled and hidden herself in a temple. Perseus went to the palace then. Polydectes was sorry to see him, for he wanted him to be killed.

"Have you brought the Gorgon's head?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Perseus.

"Let me see it," said the king.

"I think it is better to have a holiday, and let the people see it with you. They will be pleased to see such a great curiosity."

The king decided to have a holiday. Heralds and messengers went out and proclaimed it. The people came in great crowds, and the king sat on the throne in state. They waited to see the Gorgon's head. Perseus came out on a balcony. Everybody could see him plainly.

"Show us the head; show us the head!" they cried. Perseus felt sorry for them, and said, "O king Polydectes and ye many people, I am unwilling to show the Gorgon's head."

Then the people were very angry, for they thought Perseus had deceived them. They wanted the king to cut off his head. The king was furious. He ordered Perseus to show the head. So Perseus drew Medusa's head out of the wallet and held it up. And the king on his throne and the many people were immediately turned to stone! They whitened into marble, and remained so forever!

Perseus put the head back into the wallet, and went to his dear mother. She was no longer afraid of wicked King Polydectes.—*The Companion.*

Skyscrapers Very Old.

Lanciani, the famous Roman archaeologist, has shown that in the Rome of the Caesars trouble was experienced with high buildings. A law was passed restricting the height of fronts to 60 feet. In order to evade it builders adopted the practice of carrying up the rear portion several stories more. Other laws bearing on the heights of buildings were passed in olden times. There was a tendency to diminish the height of stories as the buildings increased in size, and a height of 130 feet was probably attained. It is believed that the ceilings were so low that a man could not stand upright in the rooms.—*Green Bag.*

GUILD OF SILENT WORKERS.

The monthly meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church, West 148th St., near Amsterdam Avenue, next Thursday, March 30th, at 8 p. m. A full attendance of members is earnestly requested and others are always welcome.

S. M. BROWN, Secretary.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1899.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man; Wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves must base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

WHILE Mr. Heidsiek was in New York last year, previous to and at intervals between visits of inspection at schools for the deaf in this city and our neighboring State, Pennsylvania, he was lavishly entertained, both in public and private, by the deaf. In fact, several of our deaf men of an unquestioned high standard of intellect, would spell "Prosit" every evening till their fingers ached and the rubicund visage of their genial guest beamed with delighted comprehension. It is essential to add that they were "Combined System" graduates. Yet Mr. Heidsiek, in a pamphlet purporting to contain the results of his investigations of methods, gives the palm to a school which he never visited, and proclaims the high results of the manual method in this school, wherein grammatical English was so universal as to be the deaf vernacular, although he could not speak, write, or spell a sentence in the English language. It is evident that Mr. Heidsiek was cunningly coached with copious contributions to his note book. Not that he is wrong about the value of the manual method, but simply that he omitted to note its use in the institutions he visited, and ascribed it exclusively to a school—an excellent school, no doubt—which he omitted in his tour of visitation.

"Die Weisheit ist nur in der Wahrheit."

EDITOR SMITH, of the *Minnesota Companion*, has this to say concerning the tendency of some of the College students to take offense where none is intended.

As to the "belittling epithets" of which complaint is made, it is a sorry kind of dignity that can be belittled by an idle word or two. College students—as well as other people—belittle themselves far more by their own words and actions than they can be belittled by all the world beside. Belittlement comes from within rather than without, and our college boys would appear far better advantage if they were less ready to flare up at every idle quip or jest that appears in the school papers concerning them.

All of which the JOURNAL editor cordially endorses. The student body should less "touchy" about trifles. There is no more loyal alumnus of the College than J. L. Smith, and it looks rather childish to see so much talk wasted on what should cause only a smile. The fight is all upon "Ichabod Crane" (a humorous writer) using the word "pupils" when referring to the College students. Good-natured banter and intentional insult are widely different. But the verbal war and haughty spirit of some of the writers has assumed really awful proportions.

"I won't play in your yard, I don't like you any more; You'll be sorry when you see me Sliding down our cellar door."

On February 27th, the will of Hannah Price Brookfield, of Philadelphia, was admitted to probate. Among fifteen institutions which will share equally in a residue of \$20,000, is the Pennsylvania Retreat for Blind Mutes and Aged and Infirm Blind Persons.

THE Oregon School for Deaf-Mutes will be the first to close for the summer vacation. The closing exercises will take place on the 18th of May, and the pupils will depart for home on the day following.

John L. Gage has been a subscriber to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for twenty-five years. He is a graduate of the New York Institution of 1853, when it was located at 56th Street.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The O. W. L. S. are Entertained.

PRESENTATION DAY POSTPONED.

Athletic Notes—Hot Shot for Ichabod, et al.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20. —The correspondent, who sits him down to write a news letter with the hope of interesting all his readers, and at the same time displeasing, or disappointing none, generally finds that he has undertaken a task more difficult than that of pacifying the Philippine Islands. For what with little news to write, and with some of his readers asking him to write up such and such a thing, and what this person or that person has done or said, while others are clamoring for him not to write it; his only escape is in trying to please the greatest number. But after he has done this, it certainly is cheering and pleasing to get only ridicule and criticism from some busy body, who, in his own self-conceit, thinks he could have done better, simply because a few typographical errors occur in the correspondence.

The young ladies of the Introductory Class gave an entertainment to the members of the O. W. L. S. and their lady friends, Saturday evening. It was entitled "The Pickaninnies from Georgia," and from all accounts was a success, being very amusing. Something of an idea of what took place may be gleaned from the following program:

I. AT MEETIN'.—Pastor, Rev. George Washington, (Miss Webster.)

His Flock, The Wicked Coon, Jim Lowe, (Miss Stephens.)

II. "HOW PAW GOT MAW,"—a story by Louisiana Low, (Miss Hutchinson.)

III. THE ELECTRIC BUTTON.—Missus Wi'iam Lincoln, (Miss Ritchie.)

Mar's Wi'iam Lincoln, (Miss Crawford.)

Mame Lincoln, (Miss Brooks.)

Rev. Sam Jones,—courtin' Mane, (Miss Webster.)

Landlord, Abraham Lincoln Johnson, (Miss Hanberg.)

IV. PROFESSOR SVENGALI AND MISSUS TRILBY, (Misses Webster and Williamson.)

V. WEIGHING THE BABY.—Mother Mirandy Bascom, (Miss McPhail.)

Father, Brer Bascom, (Miss Fitzgerald.)

Baby, Little Sal, (Miss Meyers.)

Young Man, Sambo Elijah, (Miss Ritchie.)

Young Girl, Martha Washington, Bascom (Miss Brooks.)

VI. "BRUSH BY, NIGGAH, BRUSH BY."—Missus Apelonla and her beaux, Mistrs Double-yan and Remus, (Misses McPhail, Webster and Ritchie.)

VII. A CLEVER TRICK.—Mr. Jackson, senior, and Jackson, junior, (Misses Crawford and Stephens.)

VIII. A PASTORAL VISIT.—Pastor, Rev. Bob Ingersol, (Miss Webster.)

Father, Jacob Harrison, (Miss Fitzgerald.)

Mother, Mirandy Harrison, (Miss McPhail.)

IX. ROMEO AND JULIET, (Miss Ritchie and Juliet.)

X. KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.—Mammy Chloe and Wi'iam Joe Vettors, (Miss Crawford and Stephens.)

XI. WATERMELON PARTY.

XII. CAKE WALK.

Misses Finch and Allen were ushers for the evening. "At meetin'," above was a scene in a negro church, the preacher being in the midst of his discourse, when out slips "The wicked Coon" and returns eating a large slice of watermelon. When the congregation see him, they all rush out to get the melon themselves and leave the Parson alone. "The wicked Coon" then goes up near the pulpit still eating his melon. The temptation is too great for the Parson and out he rushes after melon also. The weighing of the baby was said to be funny, too. The baby weighed seven and one half pounds. The electric button seemed an enchantment for the denizens of Coontown. Every time one pressed

ed it, he was set a-dancin,' and he could not stop.

Presentation Day will be postponed from the first to the second Wednesday in May this year. That is, from the 3d to the 10th of May. As a consequence the Annual Hop to the graduating class will also be postponed. It will occur on Friday, May 12th. The postponement of Presentation Day is made so that President McKinley may be present as pressing business has always prevented his coming heretofore. This year he is to be in Detroit the first week in May.

Athletics are not going forward as fast as it was hoped. The track is not in condition for field athletics, due to so much snow and rain. Bad weather has also retarded the base ball practice somewhat. A game had been arranged with one of the High Schools for Saturday, in order to get practice for the game with Georgetown on Wednesday. But rain prevented the game and so our team must face Georgetown without any previous practice except what is gotten with the second nine. However, we feel confident that we will make a good showing.

The girls played a game of basket ball Friday with the team representing the Friend's Select School. Our girls won again, 6 to 0. The girls of the Freshman and Introductory Classes played a tie game during the week, the score standing 2 to 2.

The Vesper Lawn Tennis Club met and reorganized Saturday. The new officers are Brooks, '99, President; Wornstaff, '00, Vice-President; Steideman, '02, Secretary; Schneider, '02, Treasurer; Hoyer, '02, Captain. The membership fee was reduced and many more students joined the club. It is hoped that more interest will be taken in the sport this year.

A surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, at their home in Georgetown, Friday evening, by the members of the Senior Class and a few others. The evening was spent in games of various kinds.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Kiesel, Thursday.

Mr. A. J. Sullivan, '96, stopped over at the college yesterday and spent the day with friends. He was on his way to Raleigh, N. C., where he goes to accept a position as teacher in the colored school for the deaf at that place.

Speaking for myself alone, we beg leave to acknowledge receipt of the love, which Mrs. Katherine Crane kindly sent us through the *Companion*. We are glad, and feel like letting the world know the fact that she thinks the college boys "are nice boys." If she would kindly persuade Mr. Crane to call us simply "students" we would feel, Oh so glad! and thankful, too.

The editor of the *Minnesota Companion* has done just what he advises the students not to do. That is, he has "flared up at an idle word or two" that passed between Ichabod Crane and J. W. S., the college correspondent of the *Register*. The writer would have nothing whatever to say if the editor of the *Companion* had confined his remarks to J. W. S. But instead of that he launches out and brings the students of the college into the matter. He states that he and Ichabod Crane "both have an uncompromising 'dislike' for certain acts of certain students," and says that the *Companion* had something to say about them last year and has plenty more to say now, if its policy is attacked unwarrantably. Query: What has the acts of certain students to do with the policy of the *Companion*? and how will the having of more to say about the acts of certain students defend the policy of said paper against attack?

Further on he advises us as students to maintain our dignity and not to "flare up" at every idle "quip" or "jest," because "it is a sorry dignity that can be belittled by an idle word or two." We have an idea that "inmates" of institutions would in all probability do as he says. Webster defines "inmate" as one who lives in the same house or apartment with another; especially one of the occupants of an asylum, hospital or prison. Webster also tells us, as does the *Century Dictionary*, that to "quip" means to taunt, to scoff, to gibe. The same authorities say that "to jest" means to trifle with, or to treat as trifling, to banter, to rally. Perhaps, since we are "inmates," we are, in the eyes of the *Companion* editor, either crazy or sick, or criminals; and he may think it "fun" to "scoff" us, to "gibe" us, to "taunt" us, to "trifle with" us, to "treat us as trifling," to "banter" and "rally" us, and then say: "don't flare up when you are 'quipped' and 'jested' by the school papers." Well, we don't; for the simple reason that we have not been "quipped" and "jested" by any of the *School Papers*, with the exception of the *Companion*.

R. S. T.

Rev. H. Van Allen's Appointments.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26.

10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2.

10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.

STATE OF OHIO.

Bad Weather Halts the School Builders.

SUPT. JONES IS INSPECTOR.

Brief Items that Tell of the Week's Doings.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

With the approach of warm weather, work on the erection of the new school building will be resumed. The contractors have not been idle during the winter. A force of workmen have been around most of the time engaged on this and that where the weather permitted. The stone cutters have been employed most of the season trimming stone. All around the building are piles of material—stone, sand, timbers, lumber, bricks, iron-work—waiting to be used. The building is up to the first story. Its completion is eagerly sought for and it is hoped it will be an accomplished fact in time for the next term opening. Only an unfavorable season will cause delay.

Superintendent Jones returned Tuesday evening from his inspection of the Cleveland and Elyria Day Schools for the Deaf, but can give out no opinion at present of the work being done there. He has been appointed by Commissioner Bonebroke inspector of the Day Schools in the State, and will later visit those in Dayton and Cincinnati, and make a report to the Commissioner as to the result of his observations, and until then we will have to wait as to what progress good these schools are making, and whether it pays the State to keep them up.

Our old friend, Mr. Christian Meyer, of Cleveland, was agreeably reminded on the fifth instant of having added another notch in the mile stone of life. His better half was responsible for it, too. While he was away at work she got together a few relatives and friends to help partake of an extra dinner on account of the occasion. When Mr. Meyer came home from his work in the evening, he was unable to understand the presence of so many in his household, but was wiser after the handshaking and congratulations showered upon him, and the presents given him. Not the least of these was a portrait of himself, life-size and framed. A dinner bounteous and served up in the best style followed, and we conjecture that Mr. Meyer was too full of the spirit of exuberance to do it hearty justice.

Benjamin Scott, who left school here a few years ago, was married at Cincinnati on the evening of the 14th, to Miss Minnie Shopshire, also a former pupil here. Mr. Scott is a farmer near Milford Center, and has a home ready for his bride.

Saturday last saw the first baseball game for the season on the Institution grounds. The condition of the weather, no doubt, is responsible for it, for the mercury was up in the seventies. The game was between the Hobsons (Institution) and the Brownies of the Central High School. Only six innings were played, and resulted in a bad fall down for the former, 3 to 12. It looked like old times to see the grounds lined with spectators. Ernest Craig, the Independents' manager, is still receiving offers to play with the club. The last is from Ottersburg University, near Westerville, and a date in April has been engaged. Practicing on the grounds after school hours is now the order of the day.

The Ladies Aid Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening. Miss Emma Bard and Mrs. Beulah Miller were added as members. It was decided to purchase a number of articles needed by the matron for the Home. The thanks of the Society were extended to Mrs. Joseph Neutzling for the use of her home in giving the recent reception to the retiring officers of the association.

Superintendent Byers, of the Home, is laid up from the effects of a cut on the foot, received while chopping wood.

The funeral of the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bard, mention of whose death was made in our last letter, occurred Sunday afternoon. Rev. W. S. Eagleson conducted the services. Mrs. Beulah Miller rendered beautifully in signs the hymn "Little Jewels." The remains were interred in Green-lawn Cemetery.

The employees of the bindery, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Holyeross, and Mr. F. C. Osborn, sent beautiful floral designs. The immediate cause of the child's death was pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bard, who since their coming to Columbus have made their home with Mr. and Mrs. A. Siegwart, moved out

Monday. They are now residing at 31 S. Sixth Street.

Columbus has formed a Chess Club, and one of our teachers, Mr. L. Odebrecht, is a member of it. He has been selected to formulate a constitution for the organization. Mr. J. W. W. Powell, of Akron, is at work on a set of harness for the Home team, doing it gratuitously. A fund some time ago was started by Mr. A. H. Schory for the purchase of a set. There is still needed about six dollars to bring it up to the required amount needed.

March 18-'99.

Deaf and Dumb, but for Many Years a Trusted Brakeman.

LEWISTON, ME., March 18.—Probably the only deaf-mute who ever held a position as brakeman on a railroad has just resigned his job on the Maine Central. He is S. J. Sterrett, known to all the freight crews as "Dummy," and he has been in the railroad business for many years. Although he could not hear a sound or speak a word, he was acknowledged by the conductors and the officials of the road to be much more efficient in the discharge of his duties than many others who are gifted with speech and hearing. In all the years of his service for the road he never met an accident of any kind.

He was born in Bangor, and amused himself in his boyhood in the railroad yards by throwing switches, coupling cars and doing other work of yard men. When he was 18 years old, he was appointed brakeman on a freight train running between Bangor and Waterville. He went on as middleman, and was soon promoted to the head end.

There he had difficulty in making the engineer and fireman understand him, and he was transferred to the caboose. He was still holding that position when he resigned last week.

While he was acting as head brakeman the station agents along the line had trouble in understanding what "Dummy" was endeavoring to tell them in the mute signs. He would jump off a train and run to the agents, who would wave their hands at "Dummy," thinking he could tell by their motions what cars were to be moved. But "Dummy" took no chances on making a mistake, neither would he waste time with the agents. He would quickly pull out a pad and pencil and have the agent write what he wished to say, and the work was soon done.

Many agents along the line learned the deaf and dumb signs, and passengers waiting for trains have been much amused to see "Dummy" jump off the train and converse with the agent in the sign language. He could tell by instinct the whistle of a locomotive when it was a mile away. While in the buggy, if the engineer should whistle for down brakes, "Dummy" would jump from his seat and tighten up the brake, while the others in the car had not heard a sound.

If anything was wrong with the train Sterrett was one of the first to know about it, and was usually the one to locate the cause. In many ways he was quicker in detecting trouble than the rest of the crew. When the train was waiting on a siding Sterrett could tell if another train was coming, even if it was a mile away. He would often notify his companions of the fact, although they had not heard a sound. Sterrett is now living in Lewiston, and his friends say that he may soon return to railroading.

Jolly Good Time.

A portly gentleman sat on the porch and smiled, while a small boy, also smiling, painted the front fence, says the *Detroit Free Press*. "Look at that boy," the portly man remarked to a visitor; "he thinks he is having a good time. A small boy is surely the drollest creature on earth. When I was youngster I remember that there were certain kinds of work I considered play, and one of them was painting; I was always crazy to paint. Many times I have taken a bucket of muddy water and old paint brush and have spent a whole half-day putting a thick coat on the side of my father's barn. So my boy, Dick, the little chap painting the fence; he has always been crazy to paint. He is enjoying himself now—you can see he is; and he will paint that whole fence, too, just as well as he knows how. I don't care if he is a trifle smeared; he's getting joy, solid joy, thicker than the paint on hands and clothes. There's a mean side to it, too; he wanted to paint the fence and I wanted the weeds pulled out of the yard. So, like an underhanded rascal, I bargained with him; I told him that if he would pull all the weeds out I would let him paint the fence. He went through the job like a soldier—he hates to pull weeds—all boys do—and now he thinks he is getting his reward. It is a downright shame to fool him that way—don't you think so?" The portly gentleman chuckled again and the small boy, wild with joy, went on plastering paint on the fence.

A WHIST-FUL EVENING.

AND COMMENTS ON THINGS WHICH WILL INTEREST THE DEAF OF THE STATE AND COUNTY.

On Saturday evening, March 18th, despite the disagreeable weather, quite a number of deaf admirers of the game of whist, assembled, upon invitation of the New York Deaf-Mutes' Club, at their newly acquired quarters in the spacious building, the Uptown Assembly Rooms, on 55th Street, near Third Avenue. This innovation on the part of the club, and the success it attained, paves the way for several more to follow ere the dog days.

The meeting room of the club has all that paraphernalia of the up-to-date lodge room, with its dome, platforms, high chairs, and other mysterious looking ornamentalions. It has been said by some "wise acre" that the deaf man is but half a man, but the "saying" seemed true when the smallest member of the club ascended the platform under the dome and announced the beginning of hostilities. It was not "cut throat" whist though that followed, rather a blending of two opposite forces against a similar number.

For over two hours the fellow that kept the boxes of silver and gold stars was kept busy handing out the gold stars to the victors and the emblem of "Byran" to the losers. After the several rounds of games the winners and their prizes were announced as follows:

Ladies:—First prize, Miss Nellie Long, box of candy; second prize, Miss Bertha Block, jewelry box; third prize, Miss Mary Long, cup and saucer; fourth prize, Miss Emma Caddy.

Gentlemen:—First prize, Henry Bettles, scarf pin; second prize, Max Miller, pair of socks; third prize, C. E. Vernon, link cuff buttons; fourth prize, Martin Glynn, card case.

The donors of the various prizes were Messrs. Glynn, McVea, Bowers, Baxter, Beck, Prinsinzing, and Bettles.

The assemblage afterward repaired to the parlor on the upper floor, where refreshments were served gratis by the club, and in an adjoining room dancing followed that lasted till the midnight hour. Prof. Max Miller presided at the piano, and to the tunes of, "I want my money, yes I do," "Tolliver's Nell," and "I don't want no cheap man," waltzes and lancers were reeled off with alacrity. Some young Miss lost a half heel of her boot in the waltz, and it was voted to Prof. Miller for his excellent music.

Those who attended and thoroughly enjoyed the affair were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Bettles, Mr. and Mrs. G. Taggard, Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller, Mr. and Mrs. F. Konzelmann, Misses Johanna Zettel, Hattie Dixon, Bertha Block, Nellie and Mary Long, Mary E. Easton, Maggie Gillen, Lizzie Blakeley, Emma Caddy and Mrs. McVea. Messrs. Robert McVea, A. Baxter, W. Bowers, M. Glynn, H. S. Anderson, E. Eck, J. Toohy, S. Goldberg, Wm. Long, C. E. Vernon, J. Malloy, H. F. Beck, B. Wolf, W. Boyd, J. H. McCullough, Wm. Konkel, W. Fricke and R. E. Maynard.

It seems that the word Eclectic is not principally used in connection with the deaf. In New York City there is a club of well-to-do women named the Eclectic Club, and during the winter months they held weekly meetings. In successive seasons we have witnessed the fads of society appear and disappear. We have all heard of the craze for Napoleon teas and evenings, of Lincoln teas and dinners, and so on till the subjects have been exhausted almost. But it appears that Society has hit upon a new chord, and that the old fiddle is not worth throwing away till the new tune has been keyed to the proper pitch, at least the Eclectic Club, as its name suggests, has found the new chord work excellently. This new wrinkle consists in "singing" as the deaf do. I do believe it would be real fun to see them sang like a deaf-mute; so when they sing like the deaf in such a famous resort as Delmonicos there must have been something worth seeing. But the ever funny papers can't see the humor of the thing, and their account is that Miss Eva Smith entertained the club there in an unique manner. The accompanist was Miss Grace Dunbar, and while she thumped the air with her fingers, according to the press, Miss Smith recited in signs "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Coming Thro' the Rye." She also read a paper on the deaf and dumb and gave some interesting stories of them.

This novel departure of the hearing entertaining the hearing in the sign-language, is another feather in the cap of the eclectic system of educating the deaf. Such events are apt to do the deaf good and serve to enlighten the hearing population to the benefits and grace of the sign language when properly used. If society adopts the course pursued by Miss Smith, the deaf will be more talked of, more respected, more sought for and more

thought of by the world. The benefits derived, financially and socially from such, would be manifold, and it would add still more humor to the saying of the ultra oralists, that "oralism restores the deaf to Society." The deaf really are restored to nothing thereby, for how can they be restored to anything that they never possessed. If they possess the power to speak, they gain in the knowledge of it by practice and study. But to be restored to society by it, is a wrinkle that very few people can understand, not even the oralists.

Way out in the Hoosier State we have an exceptional case of a gentleman, who has just died, in that he was practically dumb, although his vocal powers were in no way impaired. He married five times. For twenty-three years Mr. Yoder never spoke to his first wife, and then she died. His second, third, fourth and fifth wives, all left him on account of his strange habit of never speaking to them.

And yet the deaf complain of their lot in not being able to speak fluently. Here was a man whose chief happiness was in the way of holding his tongue, but it must be conceded that he exceeded the limit in trying to avoid those unpleasanties which result from a slip of the tongue from others than himself. However much we may discredit the champion of woman's cause and weakness, the heart has a different story to tell. From the deaf-mute we often hear stories of personal mention that have traveled around from one to another for months before reaching the scandalous tone of its present form. Still the deaf rise above such prejudice and petty annoyances with a fortitude that in itself is a lesson which many people would do well to imitate. However good "stories" of "others" may be, we know that such, unlike Caesar's wife, cannot be above suspicion.

R. E. MAYNARD.

A Costly Mechanism.

Mr. Philip T. Dodge, president of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, has presented to Cornell University, through Doctor Thurston, of Sibley College, what is said to be the costliest piece of machinery ever constructed. It is the original Paige typesetting machine, the only one of its kind ever built, which was constructed at an expense of nearly \$2,000,000. Besides being the costliest piece of machinery in the world, it is, at the same time, one of the most remarkable and ingenious. It consists of over 19,000 parts and 800 bearings for shafts, about half of the shafts rotating continuously and the rest intermittently.

The students of Cornell can here study the cam in all its glory. This machine will select the type, place them in a raceway and move them along until a line is set up; it then inserts the exact spaces required and conveys the justified line to the galley, either leaded or solid, and registers each line as set. In distributing, it advances the column of type line by line to a testing mechanism, where all defective type are cast out. The perfect type are advanced to a selecting mechanism, where type which have been turned end for end or otherwise disarranged are removed; then all such characters as the asterisks, daggers, etc., are separated and the regular characters are advanced to their proper channels.

The most complex part of the entire machine is the justifying mechanism. Each key upon the keyboard when pressed averages four and one-half type, and no person short of a college professor could hope to become an expert operator. Anything not right, even of the minutest kind, causes the keyboard to lock, thus giving instant warning to the operator.

The original application for patent contained 204 sheets of drawings, having over 1,000 separate views. The justifying part was made the subject of a second patent which contained 81 sheets of drawings. The case was eight years pending in the Patent Office, and the Government lost thousands of dollars in examining, printing, etc., before the patent was granted.

The invention was a failure in a commercial sense, for, even after the first machine was perfected, it was impossible to build the machine so that it could be sold. The machine occupies floor space 11 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 6 inches, has a maximum height of 6 feet 6 inches, and weighs about 5500 pounds. The new gift to Cornell is all the more interesting in as much as it was in the construction of this machine that Mark Twain sank some of his fortune. It is not known yet when the machine will reach Ithaca. As soon as it arrives it will be placed in the Sibley Museum.—*Inland Printer*.

Mrs. Cora Millett, nee Bessemier, of Roslyn, L. I., and Mrs. Riedel, visited Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Dunlap, last Monday, and enjoyed their short stay.

Mr. William H. Riedel, son of Mrs. Riedel, of Brooklyn, is a member of the Third Cavalry, stationed in Vermont. His troop expects to be ordered to Manila soon.

NEW YORK.

About Fifty Enjoy a "Pink Tea Party."

AND OLD EMPLOYEES CANED

The Windsor Hotel Fire—Items of News.

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 50th Street, New York City.

The one event of last week was a "Pink Tea" party in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church, and like previous events, was quite well attended, but not in equal numbers, for there was a falling off, but this is easily accountable to the fact that the event was not well advertised, and so few knew of it. Even the reporter knew absolutely nothing till a few days previous, otherwise he would have "puffed" as is his custom. About fifty was the total attendance, but these had a thoroughly good time, if cheery countenances speak for it.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain started the affair agoing by inviting a few entertain the party with remarks. A letter from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was read, in which he stated that, although he had well recovered from his rheumatic attack, he did not consider it wise to venture out on a chilly night for the present. Prof. Fox then told a story, which he declared to be founded on fact. It had nothing to do with "pink" tea or "ink" tea, but related wholly to coffee, too much of which inebriated a certain young lady that her engagement was broken off as a result. The moral of which, he pointed out, was that tea was best, whether it was pink tea, kink tea, link tea, rink tea, wink tea, or ink tea, for that matter. Mr. W. G. Jones followed to humor the audience, and he did it well. That story of the cobbler, the teaching tooth and the awl, is Mr. Jones' property and he will tell it again. I will not. Mr. Thomas Godfrey, of Brooklyn Borough, then went into hard facts about fluctuating attendances at diversified entertainments, and with an irony as sharp as steel, nonchalantly said "political" meetings with free refreshments drew best, but left it to his hearers to solve the whyforness thereof.

Then all had the opportunity to sample delicious tea, fresh biscuit, sandwiches and the dainty cake, which were served by the following ladies in pink costume: Mrs. S. Winne, Miss G. Berley, Miss Sarah Finn, Miss Bertha Block, Miss Mamie Elsworth, while industriously attending to other details were Mrs. W. Buhle and Miss Howard, who had the arrangements in hand. Between sips social confab prevailed and lasted eleven o'clock.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Fersenheim, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Neiser, Mrs. Henry J. Haight, Mrs. E. B. Lockwood, Mrs. Emma V. Brown, Mrs. E. A. Lewis, Mrs. C. F. Thompson, Miss Dora Labischner, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, and Messrs. I. N. Soper, T. Godfrey, F. Aymerich, C. J. LeClerc, W. S. Abrams, C. E. Vernon, Wm. C. Flanagan, Fred. Hoffman, W. Boyd and M. W. Loew.

St. Ann's Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, No. 1602, was organized some time ago, with Messrs. C. J. LeClerc, J. Redmond, S. M. Brown, W. G. Jones and W. S. Abrams, as the initial members. They wear pretty buttons in the lapels of their coats symbolic of the society.

Mrs. John Dunlap, of Brooklyn Borough, has received a beautiful and costly piece of lace from Miss Rose Prager, of Oregon, whose deft fingers wove it.

The large cross made of malleable iron, that stood at the apex of the roof of St. Ann's Church, was found hanging downward, swaying before the breeze a few days after the recent blizzard. Let us hope all other parts of the church is better made to stand even the severest kind of a storm. A good, big price was paid for the church's construction.

Mr. Gustav Fersenheim was presented on the occasion of his last birthday, with a gold-headed cane, by his fellow workmen in the Post Office, on the gold of which is engraved, "Gus Fersenheim, January 26th, 1823-'99." Mr. Fersenheim is seventy-six years old, only a year behind Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and is a young old man, still holding his position and preferring to work, even though he has money enough to live in comfort the rest of his life.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Rose, with Mr. A. A. Barnes, are seeking to raise a hundred dollars for fitting up the study in the new St. Ann's

Church, and by appeals in the way of type-written circulars have so far received \$90, and if forty more will give a dollar each, they will have the required sum, and these they would like to get before this week is out. Mr. Barnes' address is 129 West 111th Street, New York City.

Now the last of what remained of the "Old Fiftieth Street School" is gone. A brown stone structure, very plain in its architecture had stood on the 50th street side up to a few weeks ago, when it was torn down and is now level with the ground. The property, which passed into the hands of the Columbia College and subsequently was sold to the Berkeley College, has now been divided up into lots some of which have been sold and others are yet for sale. Of this land the Berkeley building stands on a good part of it, and it is the property on the north and east of it that is for sale.

The terrible hotel fire of last week is the worst catastrophe since the Park Place disaster of some nine or ten years ago. The number of recovered dead so far comes under twenty, and its awfulness may not be known for a week, and perhaps never, as the first four bodies taken out of the ruins were charred and portioned that identification is impossible. The thousands of tons of brick and beams that fell, must have crushed most of the victims to a shapeless mass. There are thousands of people watching the work of removing the debris, and as the police keep them a block away each way, they see very little. Some of them had relatives in the hotel. As I passed within the fire lines Saturday, after some twenty policemen had carelessly glanced at my badge, I was accosted by a young man who asked me if I had seen anything of the housekeeper. I had not. The young man told me she was his mother, but all he could do was to stand outside the fire lines in a pouring rain and wait, wait, wait, with anguish in his heart—and he is only one of hundreds.

As one passes through West Eighteenth street he cannot help looking at the new building where St. Ann's Church stood for so many years. The sight of the new building now there, and which has "St. Ann's" emblazoned on its front, presents a strong contrast to the familiar sights previous to four years ago.

The satirical Brooklyn man who signed himself "Frank" asks what kind of a lucrative position the deaf man held in a hotel that I referred to—and further asks if "bartender or cashier." Neither, my dear sir. His duties are simple—he goes to other places and gets quotations on the races, and sometimes writes out the card on the large blackboard. You see now? His salary is twenty-five dollars a week for six days; hours from one to eight p.m. Is not this lucrative? Oh, a regular snap! You would ask one more question, but I will answer it without the interrogation—his brother is the proprietor.

Frank Turner sent in his resignation to the New York Deaf-Mute Club some months ago, but it gently reposes on the table, in the hope, on the part of the members, that he can be persuaded to withdraw it.

Max Miller sent in his resignation to the M. L. A., but it has not yet been accepted, and Max wants it known that he is no longer a member of this association, as they had absolutely no reason to delay acceptance.

The brewers of this city contribute well to charity. According to S. M. Brown's last report, he collected from twenty-nine brewers amounts ranging from 50 cents to \$5—totaling \$69.50 in a single month; and during a whole year Mr. W. Gilbert collected \$26, from 16 breweries.

The whist party given by the New York Deaf-Mute Club Saturday evening at the up-town Assembly Rooms is said to have been a success.

Mr. A. V. Ballin, of Pearl River, N. Y., was in town Tuesday, attending to a few purchases for the plowing and planting on his farm, twenty-six miles up by either rail or bicycle route on the other side of the Hudson River. He fought shy of the reporter, but this item "got there" all the same.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

MARCH 26TH—SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER, PALM SUNDAY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
St. Paul's Church, Paterson.
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29TH, IN HOLY WEEK.

St. Matthew's Church, 5 P.M.
St. Ann's Church, 8 P.M.

GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 31ST.

St. Matthew's Church, 5 P.M.
St. Ann's Church, 8 P.M.

The devout observance of Holy Week prepares the way for the great Festival of Easter Day.

CHICAGO.

The Horrors of Old Libby Prison.

THE CLUB AFFAIRS.

Gentle Spring Coming, and with It Pleasant Anticipations.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

The latest event going on here has been the visit of thousands of people to the Libby Prison War Museum, on Wabash Avenue. The issue of free tickets by the *Tribune* and the prospect of never seeing it again before its demolition in order to make way for the new Coliseum, had much to do with it. I went. I saw. I was conquered by the odors of Rat's Hell, but am alive to write what I saw. Weird and uncanny—a passage from Dante's Inferno—is what strikes one on entering Libby Prison, especially as he goes down to the basement and sees, above all things, the tunnel opening, where the Union prisoners, 109 in number, escaped through fifty feet of underground to liberty. Unfortunately for them only forty-eight escaped to the Union lines, and the rigor on the remaining prisoners was doubled. To think in these very walls forty thousand prisoners had been kept throughout the four years of the war! No wonder the terrific hammering of Grant's legions at Petersburg was the sweetest music their ears ever heard, for it meant Liberty.

The museum claims to contain more Confederate relics than any other in the world. Among them we noticed the Appomattox table, upon which Grant and Lee drew the terms of surrender, and near them pictures depicting the scene, thus giving one a good idea of the closing event of the war. A plate of the Merrimack is exhibited, recalling that troublesome customer that, after sinking the Cumberland and Congress, was called to halt by the Monitor when it attempted to sink the Minnesota the next day. The six chairs that occupied the box of Ford's Theatre on the night of the assassination and the bed on which Lincoln died are exhibited, along with his death-mask and a plaster cast of his hand. The letters and portraits of generals and statesmen of both sides are a valuable exhibit, but one has no time to waste over the faded ink stains. It seems strange that the Confederate generals who inflicted upon the country its hardest blows were West Point trained men, as Generals Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Beauregard, Pickett, Early, etc. Jefferson Davis was also at West Point. Comments are unnecessary.

Among those we stumbled across were Messrs. Frank, Regensburg, Hart and Bray; Mrs. Buchan and Misses Young, Surtlett and Rhodes.

Washburn's lecture on Morocco was pleasantly recalled by a party in the Pas-a-Pas Club, last evening. The ladies wrapped themselves, except their faces, out of sight, while the auctioneers, Messrs. Wayman and Codman, tried to raise the bidding over them. The latter was spirited, owing to the fact that each lady brought a lunch-box along as her dowry. The club boys who failed to get girls went to another room to play whist and returned in time to participate in another game. A misunderstanding of the date kept many away.

People are anticipating the coming of spring by investing in wheels. Messrs. Changnon and Raser have ordered their wheels, and anticipate a fine summer riding to Manhattan Beach.

Ben Frank had a mighty scare at Libby Prison. He was examining a dungeon very closely when a canny hand in it grabbed his hat. Ben sprang back, looking badly scared, while people grinned. They have not got over grinning yet.

The Tissot exhibit at the Art Institute closes March 27th. It is the last chance one will have to see the famous collection.

Miss Burkhardt went to New York to attend the burial of her father at Oswego.

Collins C. Colby was unfortunate enough to lose his new overcoat at the social, and precautions will be taken to guard against such things hereafter. All the members regretted it very much.

The scholars of Dr. W. H. Latham, of Indianapolis, living in Chicago, are pleased to hear of his turning the 85th milestone of life, without betraying signs of the long journey.

A suprise party will be given in the south side next Saturday. People will meet at the Power House, 55th Street and Cottage Grove Avenue, Saturday, April 25th at 8:30 P.M.

Dora Black visited Mrs. Charles

King, nee Julia Merrill, at Crete, Ill., recently. The latter expects to visit Chicago very soon.

When Gen. Wheeler lectures before the students at Gallaudet College, let us hope they won't make allusions to his climbing a tree at Santiago.

Frederick H. Wines, the Assistant Director of the Census, will be a good man for mutes to apply for a job in the Census Office, provided they can pass an examination of an easy kind. I was with him in the 1880 Census.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The committee on the furnishing of the vestry room of St. Ann's Church desire to acknowledge the generous response from the following contributors to their appeal of March 10th, with gifts ranging from \$1 to \$10:

Miss Gertrude C. Walter, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, Mr. John Ingebrand, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Barnes, Mr. Girard Elsworth, Mrs. Thomas F. Fox, Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Edward H. Krans, Dr. M. H. and Mrs. Jane Williams, Miss Myra L. Barrager, Mr. Edward Berry, Mrs. B. L. Budd, Mrs. Wilhelma Buhle, Mrs. John Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Fersenheim, Miss Elizabeth F. Gallaudet, Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Haight, Mr. W. H. Halsey, Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, Miss Ella Holman, Miss S. T. Jones, Mr. W. G. Jones, Mr. C. J. LeClerc, Mr. Harry S. Lewis, Miss Prudence Lewis, Mr. Thomas Godfrey, Mr. Homer N. Lockwood, Miss Leila Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rose, Mr. I. Newton Soper, Mr. J. S. Sutherland, Jr., Miss Sarah E. Tallman, Miss Eliza Washburn.

Besides the donations of a desk and chair, announced in the circular letters of last week, a mirror is promised by one of the vestrymen of St. Matthew's Church. The committee hope to show a larger list next week. Contributions of any small amount will be equally appreciated by them, and these can be sent to Mr. Albert A. Barnes, 129 West 111th St., New York City.

PENNSYLVANIA.

WORK AMONG DEAF-MUTES.

The 40th anniversary of the founding of All Souls' Church for the deaf was appropriately celebrated on the 3d Sunday in Lent. The Holy Communion was celebrated by the rector, the Rev. J. M. Koehler, assisted by the Rev. A. W. Mann, general missionary, who also delivered the sermon. In the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Koehler sketched briefly the work which had been accomplished during the past forty years. He related how the labors of the Rev. Henry Winter Syle, the first pastor and founder of the church, had borne fruit. The Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, gave a graphic description of what forty years of church work meant. At the close of the service a reception was held by the Rev. Mr. Mann whose visit here bears special importance, in that he is the author of the resolutions on "Christian Unity and Deaf-Mutes," one of the most important religious publications of its kind. The pamphlet was adopted as a standard work by the Conference of Church Workers held at Columbus last summer.—*The Living Church*, March 18, '99.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

MARCH.
30-10:30 A.M. Indianapolis. Holy Communion.
30-4 P.M. Indianapolis. Evening Service and Baptism.
31-3 P.M. Chicago. Confirmation.
31-2:30 P.M. Terre Haute. Service in the Parish House of St. Stephen's Church.
APRIL.
1-Evening. Detroit.
2-10:30 A.M. Detroit. Easter Celebration and Sermon.
3-3 P.M. Detroit. Evening Service and Sermon.
8-Evening. St. Louis.
9-1 A.M. St. Louis. Service of the Holy Communion.
9-3 P.M. St. Louis. Service with the Rev. Messrs. Cloud and Koehler.
10-8 P.M. St. Louis. Reception at Schuyler Memorial House.
14-7:30 P.M. Indianapolis. Confirmation at Christ Church.
15-7:30 P.M. Chicago. Meeting at Trinity House. All welcome.
16-10:45 A.M. Chicago. Confirmation by Bishop McLaren and Holy Communion.
16-3 P.M. Chicago. Service and Sermon.
22-Evening. Columbus.
23-9 A.M. Columbus. service.
24-10:45 A.M. Columbus. Holy Communion.

Appointments made between the above dates will be duly announced. Write the Rev. Mr. Mann at Gambier, Ohio.

The Rev. Mr. Graham writes the Rev. Mr. Mann that confirmation at Christ Church, Indianapolis, has been postponed from Sunday, March 30th, to Friday, April 14th, 7:30 P.M.

The appointments previously announced for Columbus, Ohio, have been changed to April 22d and 23d.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Narrow Escape from Death.

OVERCOME BY GAS.

Association and Personal News.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Coal gas was responsible for a good deal of mischief at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Reider early on Sunday morning last. At a quarter of three Mr. Reider was awakened to find his wife in a faint and gasping for breath. Knowing that she had been complaining of coal gas on Saturday, he grasped the situation at once, and went to work to obtain a supply of fresh air for her. Finding it necessary to go downstairs to get water, he summoned Miss Shaddy to his assistance from an adjoining room, but when he returned upstairs she, too, lay in a faint on the floor. While Mr. Reider was attending to both, his little daughter also required his attention. Stimulants were administered to all three, and just as they were beginning to come to, Mr. Reider himself, who must also have felt the effects of the gas, fell to the floor unconscious. After a few minutes he rose to his feet again, but immediately fell into another faint. It was a quarter of five o'clock when all the victims had recovered their senses and slumber was once more hovering over the little household.

The accident is believed to be due to a defect in the heater or its pipes, and complaint was made about it at a previous time. A little fixing was done, but from that time the gas seemed to grow worse. Another complaint was then made, and Mr. Reider was promised to have it attended to by an expert only a few days before. No expert had put in an appearance up to Saturday evening, but one will probably come double quick now.

The March quarterly business meeting of the Clerc Literary Association was held last Thursday evening, 16th. A good attendance was present. By resolution, the recently revised rules went into effect at this meeting. The appointment of an Excursion Committee was, after some discussion, left to the incoming President.

Under the rules, separate meetings are held for the election of the officers of the Association and their installation. This year, however, it has been deemed best to merge the two meetings into one, in order to avoid a postponement of the installation, as the date in which it should occur (April 6th) will be unsuitable. Therefore the elections and installation will be held on March 30th, and, if necessary, other business transacted.

An effort to absolve dropped members from paying their arrears as an inducement to join the Association again was not sanctioned; but all such members may come back by agreeing to pay the first Quarter's dues and their arrears afterwards in instalments within a time to be fixed by the Executive Committee. While in arrears they will not have the right to vote or hold office.

Messrs E. D. Wilson, H. G. Gunkel and Ira Poorman, were appointed a committee to confer with the Minister-in-charge about the use of the rooms on Thursday evenings, and the terms hereafter the rooms will be closed on Tuesday evenings, and open only one evening each week.

It will be interesting now to note how much the deaf here will appreciate these liberal changes in the conduct of the Association. It was done for them and the opportunity is theirs now. While the Association itself may not profit by it, on account of the low dues the members will gain the most. Let them know it, think of it and profit. As the business man tries to make all the money he can and all the time, so, too, we should try to improve every good opportunity whenever it offers itself.

There will be no Lenten service on Wednesday evening, 29th inst. but on Maundy Thursday, 30th, the institution of the Lord's Supper will be commemorated at All Souls' Church. The service will begin at 7:45 P.M. After the service, the Clerc Literary Association meets to hold its elections.

Mr. Andrew J. Sullivan, of this City, has been appointed a teacher in the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and left for that destination last Saturday afternoon. His friends gave him a good send-off.

Miss Bessie Matthews is visiting relatives at the National Capital. Mr. Underwood continues to improve, and is trying outdoor exercise.

Miss Lentz is doing nicely towards recovery from her illness.

Rev. Mr. Koehler has appointed the following flower committee for All Souls' Church: Mrs. Spencer

M. Hannold, Miss Dora Kintzel and Miss Emily R. Hamilton.

Mr. George Matthews, of Manayunk, was a visitor at All Souls' Church, on Sunday.

Charles W. Hagy expects to spend Easter in Reading, Pa.

Miss Lizzie Hagy is said to have left Reading, and obtained work at an Easton hosiery factory. March 20, '99. J. S. R.

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

Principal Burt reports very pleasant experiences during his recent visit to our sister Institution at Romney, West Virginia. He tells us that while there may be some things needful about the buildings, owing to a lack of funds, there are signs of great improvement in this respect in the near future, and that the work accomplished in the school rooms will hold rank with other schools. He was particularly pleased with the work done by our old friends, Messrs. Hays, Chapin and Boland. (May their successes multiply!) Doubtless Mr. Hays will be able to send us some more products of his camera after their buildings have felt the touch of the state appropriations which have been provided for the purpose.

Mr. Ide Kinney put in an appearance at the Institution one evening lately after he had been left, literally, by the train that was to carry him to the scene of his daily tonsorial operations at Edgewood City. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, so we had the pleasure of an agreeable chat with him. The boys of the Reading Club also have cause to be thankful that Mr. Kinney got left, for while he was here, he was minded to donate to the club a year's subscription to *Success*, which has been received and placed on file. The members of the club return hearty thanks to Mr. Kinney for his kind thoughtfulness of their interests.

Mr. Kinney is a great success as a tonsorial artist, but he has never intended making that a permanent calling. He will soon be numbered among the "Iron City" boys, for he contemplates taking a course at a prominent business college here in the near future, to fit himself for a position in a bank which has been tendered him. Success to him.

Another "passage across the Dark River" has taken place at the Institution. Chester Standish, a bright, interesting boy of twelve years, was stricken with grip which developed into pneumonia, from which he died on March 11th. He was a very promising lad, and much regret was expressed at his, seemingly, untimely end.

Mr. Barles is able to present a clean bill of health at his domicile again, and is rejoicing to be back at his post among his leather and lasts after a month's enforced absence. He knows now that it is much easier and pleasanter to manage a lot of raw Crispins than to nurse a sick boy or two, even when he only holds second place in the latter occupation.

Owing to death at the school, an exhibition in legerdemain, which was to have been given on the evening of March 11th, was postponed for two weeks. As a consequence of the postponement, quite a number of outside deaf people found they had made a pilgrimage for nothing, but as admission was only the price of a walk to the Institution, none felt that they had a right to "kick." The gentleman who is to conduct the entertainment is a nephew of the genial Joseph Atcheson, a Mr. Wallis, who is quite a young man, but who is said to bid fair to eclipse the great Hermann, if he keeps on as he has begun.

Mrs. Burt entertained the Woman's Club, of Edgewood, of which she is a member, at the Institution parlors last Friday afternoon. The parlors and halls were tastefully decorated with plotted plants for the occasion. Not having access to the charmed circle, we are unable to say just how the ladies whiled away the afternoon, but we have no doubt they enjoyed all the nice things on the programme as only ladies know how.

A meeting of the Gallaudet Society was held this Saturday evening, which we were unable to attend much to our regret, as we were anxious to see how the following referred question could be answered: "What has become of the Nicaragua Canal?" This reminds us of the pleasant of a jolly old gentleman we knew when a boy. Driving along the road with him, one day, we passed a long, deep ditch, and our youthful curiosity was aroused to ask what it was for. Said the j. o. g., "Why, you little simpleton, don't you know, they are going to up end it and make a well!" Now, this may have been the fate of the canal, and if so 'tis a pity, it wasn't long enough to reach to the antipodes, and so be a more direct route to the Philippines than the present ones.

A local branch of the P. S. A. D. for Pittsburg and vicinity has been organized. Directly after prayer-meeting on March 16th, all present were requested to remain, and the object of the meeting and the de-

sirability of local branches of the Society were explained by Mr. Al-labough, after which all were eager to proceed with the organization, which was effected without a hitch of any sort. The following officers of the Local Branch were elected: for chairman, Archibald Woodside, a charter member of the Society; for secretary, G. M. Teegarden and for treasurer, H. H. B. McMaster. So to date, the Pittsburg Local Branch is the second in the State, but in point of numbers we believe it is the first on the list, and the members want it to be known that Pittsburg will always be found at the top in whatever "goes." There were thirteen full fledged members of the P. S. A. D., and as soon as the branch had been organized, eleven new names were handed in. We are confident of having a good many more names in a very short time. At least thirty will be on the roll before the roses bloom.

G. M. T.

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVICE.

IT WAS FOLLOWED, BUT IT SPOILED THE NEXT RECITATION.

They tell this story of a college prank the boys at Princeton played on Professor "Winky" Young, professor of astronomy. His recitations were recently held the first thing in the morning, and he had to admonish the students in his division to correct the fault of tardiness, which he claimed was increasing in a lamentable manner, and when one of the students explained that they all studied so late at night they were apt to oversleep in the morning he kindly advised them to secure alarm clocks, which he said were one of the most valuable and useful inventions.

The next day nearly every student in the class came into recitation with an alarm clock in his pocket, which by patient and united effort were set so that one would go off promptly at every successive minute of the hour. The effect can be imagined. Shortly after the first student was called to recite one of the clocks in the pocket of a boy at the other end of the room went off with a terrible clamor, and before it had finished a second in another part of the room made even a louder racket.

There was a brief interval, which the professor utilized to call up another student, but the latter was scarcely on his feet before the third clock went off. The performance was continued for half an hour or more, when the professor, who had a keen sense of humor, recognized the situation and cut short the fun by terminating the recitation. The boys explained that they had followed his advice and secured alarm clocks, which they were carrying around with them, because they were likely to fall asleep at most any time.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

A Two-Million Dollar Comma.

"O, punctuation marks are not of much account! They're just put in for looks. I don't want to bother about them."

Such are the sentiments of a good many schoolboys with regard to this branch of letter and composition writing. Others again appear to think that all that is necessary is to put in a comma here and there at haphazard to set off the "look of the thing." How risky this way of doing things is may be learned from the following incident:

It seems that some years ago, when the United States, by its Congress, was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation, or experiment.

The enrolling clerk, in copying the bill, accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read, "all foreign fruit," etc. As a result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until Congress could remedy the blunder, all oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which any one would be liable to make, yet could have been avoided by carefulness, cost the Government not less than two million dollars. A pretty costly comma that!

One of our contributors sends an example wherein a hyphen plays a very important part. It follows:

What is the difference between twenty-four quart bottles and four and twenty quart bottles?

Two of a Kind.

"Sixty cents for a few pages of sheet? Whew? You music dealers don't want more than about 600 per cent profit on your stuff, do you?" "You're the druggist on the opposite corner, aren't you?" "Yes."

"Well, I never kick when you charge me half a dollar for three cents' worth of drugs dissolved in a pint of water. I guess we grasping monopolists had better stand together."—*Chicago Tribune*.

FANWOOD.

Words of Praise from a Kentucky Doctor.

BASE BALL SEASON BE-GINS.

Our Gardener Gets an Award.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The following clipping is a letter from Dr. J. C. Bogle, respecting his visit to Fanwood on March 5th, and is taken from the *Kentucky Standard*. Dr. Bogle is taking a special course at one of the hospitals in this city.

I have had a most delightful experience which I should like to tell to the *Standard*. This morning, I went up for a visit to the School for the Deaf, situated in the upper part of the city, with the hope of learning something from their administration of their Hospital affairs, which might serve to improve that department in our own schools.

New York people are proverbially busy people and I only hoped the Superintendent would be kind enough to summon some one who would show me what I especially wished to see, but instead Mr. Currier took it upon himself to make my visit as pleasant and profitable as possible. It gives me the greatest pleasure to say I don't know when it has been my good fortune to fall into the hands of a gentleman who is more a gentleman. He only left me one regret—that I was unable to suitably express my appreciation. I shall live in the hope that some day we may catch him on our own heather. He shall play in our yard all he wants to.

The school is military,—boys uniformed and officers with proper shoulder straps. Mr. Currier himself wears the Eagles of a Colonel. The luncheon hour being at hand I saw the boys mustered for their march to the dining room. All is done by the drum-tap. They are a manly, healthy looking lot of youngsters with quite a soldierly bearing. It is a tribute to the working of the gymnasium which occupies the upper floor 60x150 feet. Mr. Currier told me that the tailor who made his uniform at first found a marked discrepancy in the chest measure. Being aware of tuberculous and pulmonary troubles are special menaces to the deaf and with a view to improving this item of equipment of pulmonary conditions he has succeeded in bringing the chest measure fully up to the normal proportions with an average expansion of two inches. The clothes are made now with the ordinary measurements.

In the hospital I found the most complete arrangements for the care of the sick deaf. Prominent among them was a head nurse—trained, of course—and two subordinate nurses, also trained, of course. The institution has less than one hundred more pupils than our school.

There is a dentist's chair—a room for examination and treatment of Ears cases with dark room included,—all necessary light, instruments, etc. In the way of bathing facilities they have what seems to me an ideal one. Instead of tubs,—one boy waiting until another gets out of the way, with consequent delay to say nothing of other objectionable features connected with the old way,—over a concrete floor sloping to one drainage point is a gridiron of water pipe with small shower roses twenty inches apart into which water is turned, the temperature regulated to a nicely and every fellow bathing in clean flowing water. An adjacent room is properly heated and provided with towel, slippers and plenty of room in which to dry and rehabilitate.

The mechanical departments embrace printing, office, tailoring, furniture making, etc., for the boys, and dress making for the girls. In the latter department there are four instructors and the whole ground is gone over several times from the simplest beginning in sewing to the cutting, fitting, and making of real dresses. Mr. Currier's ambition, he says, is not as to what tricks he can try on the child, but to make him able to make a mark for himself hereafter. I only wish our Superintendent might have the same cordial, liberal support from our Legislature. I feel sure he would make fully as good use of his facilities. It is to be hoped Kentucky will recognize the property of slacking her purse strings in this direction some day.

There are many things which the events of the day suggest, but I don't want to force you to use your blue pencil. I shall mention however that among the pleasant people the Superintendent introduced me to was a sister of our Miss Smith. Every body asked after Miss Nellie Lyle, of whom I was obliged to say she is no more. I did say it with my unseasonably mournful intonation however, but left them to believe hers was a happy translation.

Hope to be with you soon.

Very truly,
JOHN C. BOGLE.

The baseball team held a meeting last Friday afternoon. Manager Thomas F. Fox presided. By an unanimous vote, Edward Rappolt was elected captain. The list of players, with positions and arranged in batting order, is, Edward Rappolt, captain, right-field; John A. Elfein, left-field; Henry Muench, short stop; Samuel Dyer, second base; William Brown, catcher; George Duane, third base; Trevanion G. Cook, first base; Eli Ellis, pitcher. Substitutes—Thos. Orman, William Lynch, James Burke.

Saturday the team was to play the Barnard School, but owing to the inclement weather, the game was postponed. Wednesday the team goes to University Heights to play the University of New York's team.

Mr. Charles W. Van Tassel gave the ninth lecture of the Spanish-American War series. His subject was the Campaign in Porto Rico. His clear sign making rendered it very interesting. After finishing the lecture he gave a brief sketch of the Windsor Hotel fire.

At a meeting of the New York Gardener's Society, Mr. Pettit, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, staged two large plants of the *Cyclamen persicum giganteum*. These were remarkably well flowered and of an excellent strain: Mr. Pettit, was awarded the Society's certificate.—*American Gardening*.

Mr. Dickson, formerly in charge of the green houses, was a visitor Saturday. Few recognized him,

because of his lost mutton chop whiskers, which makes him look several years younger.

Several pupils saw the ruins of the Windsor Hotel fire. Messrs. Heerd and Gaunt, who were sent downtown on account of the printing office last Friday, brought the first intimation of the big fire. Next morning's papers confirmed the news. The headlines of some were about four inches long.

Gaunt, by the way, has eclipsed Heerd in the matter of repairing bicycles. He has restored shape to the front wheel of the writer's bicycle, which was a perfect disgrace of mechanism. Heerd is devoting himself to the camera. His pictures are an improvement every time.

Sunday night, the wind blew at the rate of 72 miles an hour, in this vicinity. The wonder is that it did not do much damage. The Proteus, had been brought from under the piazza, to the northwest lawn, preparatory to receiving a thorough scraping and painting. The wind singled it out and blew it several feet away from its resting place. An examination showed that it would require the attention of an expert boat builder, before it could be used again. Besides being badly strained, several ribs were broken, and one or two planks split. Well, accidents will happen sometimes, and the boat club is thankful the damage was not more serious.

Cadets J. A. Elfein and George Duane were admitted to membership in the Boat Club.

J. H. K.

UNTRUTHFUL PHOTO-GRAPHS.

REJECTED AS EXHIBITS IN NOTED LAW SUITS—EXPERTS SAY THE MANUFACTURED OR "FAKED" PHOTOGRAPHS CAN NOT BE TOLD BY SCIENTISTS—LOOKED ON WITH SUSPICION BY LAWYERS WHEN INTRODUCED IN EVIDENCE.

In celebrated cases that engage the attention of attorneys there are rumors that when the offenders are brought to the bar of justice the principal witness against them will be a series of photographs. It has been impossible for the newspaper representatives who have followed these cases to run their rumors to earth, and at the present writing the probability of these photographs being used as exhibits in the case is very remote. A leading member of the bar is endeavoring to explain why this is so said:

"The impression naturally prevails that if photographs showing persons in the act of committing a crime exist, or photographs which from a moral point of view discreditable can be placed in evidence, the prosecution possesses the surest kind of evidence. This widespread impression is absolutely false, for the history of photographic evidence is that of all witnesses the sun is the biggest liar of them all."

"Surely you didn't mean that the sun lies, and that evidence of the camera, the film on the dry plate, can be controverted and can even be shown to be perjured?"

"It has been done so often," said the legal light, "that lawyers look with a considerable degree of doubt upon photographs of any kind. They are almost inclined to go to the opposite extreme from accepting them as good evidence and throw them out as worse than doubtful."

"Scientists only can prove that the person shown in the picture really sat for it or if two or more persons are grouped in the photograph experts have to be called in to prove by a long, tiresome and expensive process, that the two persons were actually present together and stood at the same instant before the camera. Photographs have been made showing two persons clapping hands, one of whom was known to be in New York and the other in Vienna at the same time the negative was developed. I assure you that photographs constitute the poorest exhibit in any case."

These remarks were so strange that they seemed not only paradoxical, but untrue. But further talks on the subject with eminent practitioners of the photographic art showed that the legal layman (so far as photography is concerned) had rather understated than overstated his case.

"If you will provide me with negatives of the heads of several persons," said one photographer, "I will arrange them on one plate so artistically that, magnify the result as you will, it will be impossible to tell from inside evidence that the persons concerned did not sit together. So photographs showing people in a laughable, grotesque or even reprehensible attitude can be contrived without any particular fear of detection. The detection comes from outside sources. As in the case you mention, the date of the picture being known, it could be proved that thousands of miles separated the two persons who were supposed to stand in front of the camera, lovingly entwined."

"Look at this photograph. It represents two well-known persons in the attitude of professional duellists. They are both grave

heads of families, but here you see them with rapiers drawn, apparently fighting seriously. It was not necessary for these gentlemen to pose for this photograph. I had the negative with the figure, and as I also had profile views of both "duellists," the composition of the fancy picture was easy. At first glance this is a picture which might be put forward as evidence to prove that those two men had fought a duel and so broken the law. But it would be easy in this case to prove the contrary, as accurate measurement would show that these bodies do not belong to the heads.

"Such proof is not always available. Foreshortening, focusing, and other elements connected with our art bring about very strange results. The final result may look like nature, but it is a matter of compromise."

In the case of ordinary portraits one knows how untruthful is the sun. By an adjustment of lights, shadows and extraneous aids very plain and even ugly persons are made to look handsome in photographs. Then the retoucher's work has to be considered. Before he puts his hand on a negative it is usually a mass of hard lines; he softens some, accentuates others and wholly removes others.

This flattery is too well known to need anything more than a mention. Some of the more famous "lies" of the camera will better serve to prove the affirmative of the question.

Twenty years ago "spirit" pictures, so called, were popular, and their mystery added wonderfully to their popularity. These "spirit" photographs showed the living sister in any conventional attitude, and therein differed in no way from other photographs, except that they were extremely poor specimens of the art of photography. But leaning on the shoulder of the sitter, or perhaps hovering over him, could be seen a dim wraith-like form attired in filmy white, with the features always indistinguishable and vague. This was the wife, or mother or the "spirit" photographer had complacently come out of the "vague" to be photographed.

This appearance was a jugglery, of course, and produced by simple means. The photographer always had to find out in advance whether the sitter had lost a wife, or whatsoever relative, and then he could produce a spirit dimly representative of the one required. Nowadays, it seems incredible that any human being, however simple, should be taken in by this gross imposition, yet thousands were, and the "spirit" pictures remain treasures in many country albums even to this day.

Recently, an article on this subject was published in the *Siecle*, of Paris. It was called "The Lies of Photography," and was profusely illustrated. That this article was compiled in a somewhat malicious spirit does not affect its value here.

The *Journal*, another Paris periodical, once thought it could prove that Col. Picquart was a traitor. It had in its possession a photograph, procured somehow, representing the heroic colonel in conference with Schwartz-Koppen.

The *Journal*, with this evidence, thought it could clear up the whole Dreyfus mystery. The existence of this precious photograph was announced with many flourishes and disconcerting headlines, but just as it was about to be brought into court, and just as the *Journal* began to look forward to its great notoriety, a funny thing happened. The cardhouse toppled over and strewed itself upon the ground, for the army records themselves proved absolutely that Colonel Picquart had never been in Germany, while it was equally well known that Schwartz-Koppen had not been in Paris or in France for that month or for a score of years. The *Journal* was threatened with a suit for libel and was obliged to back down.

But there was the photograph still, and the people were at a loss to account for it. The phenomenon bothered even the experts. Then the *Siecle* employed experts and several interesting photographs were shown. One shows the great French dramatic critic Sarcey and Yvette Guilbert standing lovingly beside each other exchanging confidences, in spite of the fact that Francisque Sarcey's recent attacks on Yvette that made the two inveterate enemies. Esterhazy is seen in another photograph dressed in the costume of a German Uhlan begging a boon on his knees of the late President Faure. Among the other photographs equally impossible is that of M. Lockroy, Minister of Marine, in companionship with his bitterest political enemy. In short, all the spectacular enmities in Parisian public life has been transformed, according to the evidence of the *Siecle's* supplement, into warm fraternity and reciprocal love. With the significant remark that "here is some photographic evidence" the great Dreyfusard journal sent its photographs out into the world."

The "lies of photography" have never been so clearly shown as in this Parisian publication. They are well known to photographic experts all the world over, and possibly not one of them would put any

weight on a photograph, no matter what it revealed. This degree of unbelief is only varied by "finished" photographs—that is, photographs that have been retouched and burnished. The first proof of a negative which is virgin of the retoucher probably gets as near the truth as anything in the way of natural evidence, but negatives are of glass or some equally brittle substance, and they are never or rarely put in evidence in a court of law.—*Edward Regan in N. Y. Sunday News*.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Persons who have had trouble in having their sidewalks cleared of snow and ice, should sprinkle the walk with a thick coating of coarse salt, which can be secured very cheaply in bulk. Have the snow shoveled with a wooden snow shovel, and have sidewalks cleaned and swept after each additional light snowstorm. Do not permit the layers of snow to accumulate.

An up-to-date housekeeper uses a dime's worth of coarse salt each cleaning day. She scatters the salt by the handful on the floor of each room to be swept, and at intervals on the stairs and halls. The salt absorbs the dust in sweeping, imparts a freshness to the colors in the carpets, and assists in the cleansing of the apartment.

A cloth wrung out of a solution of carbolic acid and hung in a sick room will act as a disinfectant.

Some persons sprinkle tea leaves on a carpet to lay the dust when sweeping, and if the carpet is old, so there is no danger of fading the colors, the tea-leaf method is economical. If a carpet has a creamy background, with patterns of delicate pink and blue flowers, white cornmeal should be lightly sprinkled thereon before sweeping. The carpet is thus kept bright and clean, after the manner of cleaning furs.

A fine oil painting may be dusted off thoroughly, then cut an Irish potato in two and gently rub the raw potato over the surface of the painting, taking pains to do only a portion at a time, and wipe dry with a very soft old cloth. The colors will be freshened and the beauty preserved.

Young ladies who are troubled with blemishes on their faces, and if there is a tendency toward scrofula, will find that a raw potato eaten after the manner of fruit every morning before breakfast will act as a complexion tonic. Peel the potato, soak in cold water, and it will be palatable. Take every morning for three weeks.

An expeditious way to remove ink stains from the fingers is to dampen the sulphur end of a match and rub over the offending spot.

The popular blue print is now frequently used to simulate tiling. A fireboard with a border of the prints is not only artistic, but a perpetual reminder of past delights when the photographs have been taken by some member of the home circle.

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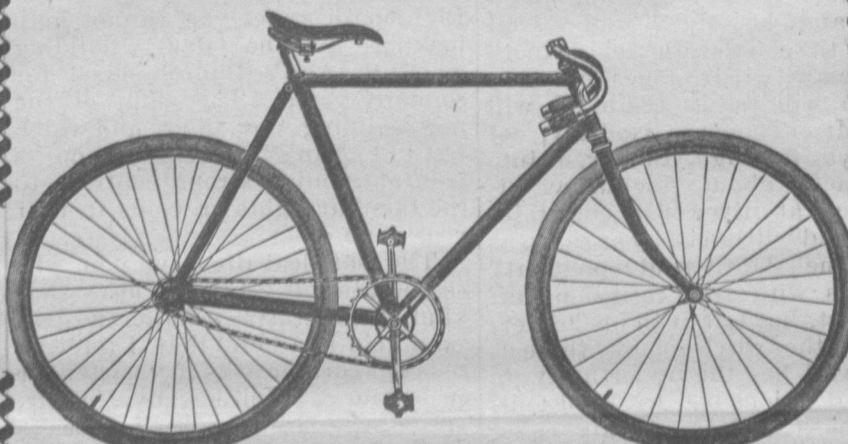
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